

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if hee should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit? therefore Ile make him sure; yea, and Ile sweare I slew him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes mee but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come brother *John*, full brauely hast thou flect Thy mayden Sword.

John. But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fals. No that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a *Iacke*: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why *Percy*, I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fals. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For my part, if a lie will doe thee
Ile guilde it with the happiest tea

A retreat is

Prince The Trumpets sound
Come Brother, lets to the highel
To see what friends are liuing, wh

Fals. Ile follow, as they say, for
God reward him. If I do grow gre
and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly,

*The Trumpets sound, enter the King
John of Lancaster, Earle
Worcester and U*

King Thus euer did Rebellion
Inspirited *Worcester*, did not we see
Pardon and tearmes of Loue to al
And wouldst thou turne our offer
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans
Three Knights vpon our party sl
A noble Earle, and many a creatur
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly
Betwixt our Armies true intellige

Wor. What I haue done, my fa
And I imbrace this fortune patien
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on

King Beare *Worcester* to the dea
Other Offenders we will pause vp
How goes the Field?

Prince The noble Scot Lord *Douglas*
The fortune of the day turn'd quite
The noble *Percy* slaine, and all his
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with th
And falling from a hill, he was so b
That the pursuers tooke him. At m
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech you
I may dispose of him.